

O S E



S H E

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL CONNEND."

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1804.

B I O G R A P H Y.

AN ACCOUNT OF JAMES WOODHOUSE,
THE POETICAL SHOEMAKER.

THIS extraordinary person is about 28 years of age, and has a wife and several small children, whom he endeavors to maintain by great application to business, and by teaching children to read and write, which is all the learning he ever received himself, being taken from school at seven years old.

He lives at the village of Rowley, near Hales Owen, about seven miles from Birmingham in Staffordshire, and two miles from an estate of the late Mr. Wm. Shenstone, called the Leasowes.

After he was taken from school he had no means of gratifying his insatiable thirst after reading and knowledge, but by procuring the magazines with such little perquisites as he could pick up, until about five years ago, when an accident brought him acquainted with Mr. Shenstone.

That gentleman, who, by improving with a true taste, her beauties, has rendered the Leasowes the admiration of all who have seen the place, used to suffer his delightful walks to be open to every body, until the mischief that was done by the thoughtless, or the malicious, obliged him to exclude all but such as should have his special permission on a proper application to that purpose. Woodhouse, who, more a loser by this prohibition than almost any other person whom this excluded, applied to Mr. Shenstone for leave to indulge his imagination among the scenes which had so often delighted him before, by a copy of verses. This immediately procured him the liberty he solicited, and introduced him to Mr. Shenstone himself. The poem appeared to be so extraordinary for a person in so obscure a station, who had been taken from school at seven years old, and had since read nothing but magazines, that he offered him the use of not only his garden, but his library.

Woodhouse, however, did not suffer his love of poetry, or his desire of knowledge, to intrude upon the duties of his station; as his work employed only his hands, and left his mind at liberty, he used to place his pen

and ink at his side, while the last was in his lap, and when he had made a couplet he wrote it down on his knee; his seasons for reading he borrowed not from those which others of his rank usually devote to tipping, or skittles, but from the hours which otherwise would have been lost in sleep.

The versification of this extraordinary writer is remarkably harmonious, his language is pure, his images poetical, and his sentiments uncommonly tender and elegant.

His poem to Mr. Shenstone was written when he was about twenty-three; and tho' in the character of a suiter, and with a proper sense of the inferiority of his station, yet there is a consciousness of that equality of nature, which petitioners and dedicators too often prostitute or forget.

After an address to Mr. Shenstone in which he encourages himself by considering the general kindness of his character, he says:—

Shall he, benevolent as wise, disdain,
The muse's suitor, though a scandal'd swain?
Tho' no conspicuous rent-rolls grace my line,
I boast the same original divine;
Tho' niggard fate withheld her sordid ore,
Yet lib'ral nature gave her better store;
Whose influence early did my mind inspire
To read her works, and praise her mighty sire.

A copy of this poem, and of another address to the same gentleman, were sent by Mr. Shenstone's direction, and with some manuscript poems of his own, to a friend in London; this friend shewed them to some of his acquaintance, and a small collection was made for the author, which produced an ode on benevolence: by this ode he appears to have profited by Mr. Shenstone's library; for he talks of Palladian skill, Sappho's art, Phidias' chissel, and the pencil of Titian. But his force of thought, and skill in poetical expression, appear to greater advantage in a poem of fifty stanzas, each consisting of four verses, entitled *Spring*.—This contains a striking picture of the infelicities of his situation, and the keenness and delicacy of his sensations.

After regretting the vacant cheerfulness of his earlier days, before domestic connexions condemned him to incessant labor, and

absorbed him in care and solicitude, he exhibits this picture of the pain and pleasure that are mingled in his conjugal and paternal character.

But now domestic cares employ
And busy ev'ry sense,
Nor leave one hour of grief or joy,
But's furnish'd out from thence—
Save what my little babes afford,
When I behold with glee,
When smiling at my humble board,
Or prattling on my knee.

Not that my *Daphne's* charms are flown,
These still new pleasures bring;
'Tis these inspire content alone;
'Tis all I've left of Spring.

There is something extremely pathetic in the last verse; and the first of the next stanza, where he mentions his wife endeared to him by her sensibility and distress, is still more striking.

The dew-drop sparkling in her eye,
The lily on her breast;
The rose-buds on her lips supply
My rich, my sweet repast.

He that can feel the following will need no assistance to discover their beauty, and to him who cannot, no assistance will be effectual.

I wish not, dear connubial state,
To break thy silken bands:
I only blame relentless fate,
That every hour demands.
Nor mourn I much my task austere,
Which endless wants impose;
But, O! it wounds my soul to hear,
My *Daphne's* melting woes!

For oft she sighs, and oft she weeps,
And hangs her pensive head;
While blood her furrow'd finger steeps,
And stains the passing thread.

When orient hills the sun beholds,
Our labors are begun;
And when he streaks the west with gold,
The task is still undone.

M O R A L I S T.

[Selected for THE HIVE, from Sturm's Reflections.]

SPRING. [2c. II.]

REFLECTIONS ON THE SPRING.

"Lo SPRING returns on mildest breezes borne!
Nature revives: the fields no longer mourn.
A verdant carpet o'er the plain she spreads,
And fragrant flowrets rise where e'er she treads.
The feather'd songsters warble thro' the grove,
And give the genial season all to love."

THAT season of the year, which we call THE SPRING, has charms which are felt in every heart; all mankind behold its approach with joy, and promise themselves much pleasure from it.

It was but lately that the whole surface of the earth was barren and desolate. The vallies, the prospect of which now gives us so much pleasure, were buried in snow; the rivers and streams, which now pleasingly murmur as they flow, were stopped in their courses; the trees discovered nothing but leafless branches; the birds who now fill the air with their music, were mute; and, as far as the eye could stretch, all was melancholy silence. But, in this beautiful season, nature awakes and all her vital energies revive. The mighty pulse of life begins again to beat; the earth, penetrated by the quickening warmth of the sun, re-assumes her ornaments; the sky becomes serene, and the air more mild; the whole face of nature is renewed and embellished, and whenever we turn our eye, it is captivated and sweetly delighted. The seasons, as they change, bring with them an agreeable variety, and each of them is distinguished by peculiar pleasures; but, of all others, this, the youth of the just ripening year, most universally delights us: all is beauty to the eye, music to the ear, and transport to the heart.

That we may be the more strongly impressed with a reverential admiration of that God whose power and goodness are so pleasingly manifested at this season, let us consider some of the various beauties and blessings of the Spring.

He who has any taste for the beauties of nature can never want pure and sincere pleasures in this season. The clear unclouded sky is his canopy, and the earth, enamelled with flowers, is his carpet; the cattle express, in the best manner they can, the spirit and the joy with which they are animated; the fish, recovering their former vivacity, rise to the surface of the water, and agreeably amuse our sight; whilst the air resounds with the songs of birds, whose concerts are hymns of joy to their Creator, expressive of their happiness and love.

Such is the general bliss which the Spring produces; and we every where trace its enlivening powers and happy effects in an universal serenity, liveliness and joy.

Is it possible that, at the sight and enjoyment of such objects, the heart should not beat high with grateful transport? Or can the mind have a more pleasing employment than that of contemplating and praising the greatness of the Creator's wisdom, and the beauty of his works? Never ought we to breathe the refreshing air of this season, without being awed into reverence, and warmed with devotion; without recollecting that it is God who clothes the woods and meadows with their beautiful verdure; gives life and happiness to the various tribes of creatures who mingle so much magnificence and beauty with the scenery; and that it is through him we enjoy the sweets and the comforts of returning Spring.

There is not a field which does not now present a beautiful landscape to the eye. We see on all sides a multitude of flowers in the bud; their sweets as it were locked up, and their charms concealed; but the all enlivening heat of the sun will soon open them, cause them to bloom and blossom, and equally delight and surprise us with the variety of their beauties: for how much soever we may admire the prodigious number of flowers, their variety is, perhaps, more astonishing. Certainly nothing but a Divine Power could cause such numbers to grow; and this power must be equalled by wisdom to produce such endless variety. Each has something peculiar to itself; and it is an act of divine goodness thus to have varied them, and added that charm to their other perfections. If they had all been perfectly alike, the sameness would have disgusted us; and, if Summer produced no flowers but such as the Spring affords, we should soon be tired of cultivating them. With what wisdom has the Creator planned his works! all wonderfully various, all completely perfect! in all the agreeable and the useful are united.

We may also find many reasons to admire the wisdom and goodness of the Creator in the succession of flowers. These beautiful children of nature appear not all at once, but in a regular succession; the time is fixed in which one is to unfold its leaves, and another to blossom, and a third to fade. Each month displays ornaments peculiar to itself. And it is for very kind purposes that, on the return of Spring, each plant and flower should open its leaves, and blossom at the time, and in the order appointed: The Creator thus favors us with a regular train of benefits, and not only multiplies, but renders them perpetual; for, although there are always some flowers fading, there are new ones continually springing up, to adorn the face of the earth, and enliven our journey through life.

Let it also be remembered that, to the pleasure which we receive from the wonderful variety, and regular succession of flowers, God has also been pleased graciously to add the charm of sweet perfume, and to give as much variety to their smell as to their forms; and though we cannot exactly tell in what the difference consists, yet we perceive it very sensibly, in going from flower to flower: and it is remarkable that this smell is not so strong as to affect the head disagreeably, or so weak as to lose its pleasing effect. Thus all the sensations that flowers can give contribute to our happiness; they all combine to fill our minds with the purest delights, and to lead our hearts to God. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

A M U S I N G.

In a burlesque description of the performance of a celebrated actress, on the Edinburg theatre, when it was fashionable to extol, with the utmost exaggeration of praise, the tunid style is finely ridiculed, and the most austere of our readers will smother their brows at the following. P. Fol.

Yesterday Mrs. —, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful, adamantine, soft and lovely person, for the first time, in the Theatre Royal, in the bewitching, melting, and all tearful character of Isabella. The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators, that went away without a sight. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence, this star of Melpomene, this comet of the stage, this sun in the firmament of the muses, this moon of blank verses, this queen and princess of tears, this despot of the poison'd bowl, this empress Rusty Fusty of the pistol and dagger, this chaos of Shakespeare, this world of weeping clouds, this Juno of commanding aspect, this Terpsichore of the curtain and scenes, this Proserpine of fire and earthquake, this Kitterfelto of wonders, exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all description. She was nature; she was the most exquisite work of art; she was the very daisy, primrose, tuberos, wall-flower, and cauliflower too, sweet briar, furze blossom, gilly flower, and rose-mary. In short, she was the very bouquet of Parnassus. Several fainted before the curtain drew up—the very fiddlers, in the orchestra, blubbered like hungry children, for their bread and butter; one hundred and nine ladies fainted; forty-six went into fits; and ninety-five had strong hysterics. The world will hardly credit the assertion, that fourteen children, five old women, a one handed sailor, and six common council men were actually drowned in the inundation of tears, that flowed from the galleries and boxes, to increase the briny flood in the pit.—

The water was three feet deep, and the people, that were obliged to stand upon the benches, were, in that situation, up to their ankles in tears. Nature, surely, in one of her humane, leisure hours, in one of her smiling days, in one of her weeping months, and in one of her all-sorrowing years, made this human lump of clay perfection.

A gentleman having discharged his man-servant for disobedience of orders, another called on him the following morning to offer his services, and his character proving good, they were accepted. Giving his orders afterwards, the master thus addressed his servant, "John, in order to retain your present situation, and my good graces, you have nothing else to do but to pay attention to those two words, MIND CONSEQUENCES—for instance, if I tell you to lay the cloth, you must *consequently* put the knives, forks, and plates upon it. Whenever you open the door, you must *consequently* shut it after you." John promised to be obedient, and his master happening to fall ill a few days after, he was dispatched for an apothecary, who lived at the end of the street. One, two, three hours, however, elapsed, and neither John nor the apothecary was heard of:—his master, whose impatience was by this time wound up to the highest pitch, was at length informed, that six gentlemen, headed by his new servant, were waiting without to speak with him. Surprised at such an extraordinary number of *uninvited* guests, he gave orders for John to come in and inform him who they were. "Why, sir," said the well-meaning fellow, who had caught his master's words, as he was entering the room, "you know you told me always to MIND CONSEQUENCES, so I tho't if you wanted the apothecary, you would *consequently* soon have occasion for the physician, and where the physician makes his appearance the undertaker must *consequently* soon follow, the undertaker renders necessary the sexton, who is *consequently* followed by the grave digger; thus sir, I have only fulfilled your direction, to MIND CONSEQUENCES." The reason was an irrefragable one, and the servant's interpretation, together with the sight of the motley assembly he had brought with him, excited so much laughter in his master, that it proved full as efficacious as the medicines of the apothecary, in promoting his cure.

SOON after the conclusion of the French war, in queen Ann's time, a young pert officer, who had but lately entered the service, came to a tavern where Major Johnson, a brave, rough old officer, and one that feared the Lord, usually resorted. The young gentleman, while at dinner, was venting some new fangled notions, and speaking in the gaiety of his humor against the Dispensations of Providence. The Major at first

only desired him to speak more respectfully of one for whom all the company had an honor; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him in a more serious manner. "Young man," said he, "do not abuse your benefactor, while you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you make use of to his dishonor." The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jest, asked him, "if he was going to preach?" but at the same time desired him to take care what he said when he spoke to a man of honor. "A man of honor!" says the Major, "thou art a blasphemer and an infidel, and I shall use thee as such."—In short, the quarrel ran so high, that the young officer challenged the Major. Upon their coming into the garden the old fellow advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might plunge him; but finding him grow upon him to a degree of scurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear, "Sirrah," said he, "if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy prefaneness to thy Maker, and thy insolence to his servant." Upon this he drew his sword, and cried out with a loud voice, "The sword of the Lord and Gideon!" which so terrified his antagonist, that he was immediately thrown upon his knees. In this posture he begged his life; which the Major refused to grant, until he asked pardon in a short extempore prayer, which the proselyte did to the great amusement of the company.

THE following ludicrous scene, it is said, actually took place a short time ago:—A seedsman, in the neighborhood of Thames-street, having been chosen church-warden of an adjacent parish, was called upon by the organist, who had the misfortune to be blind, for the payment of five pound, being the amount of a quarter's salary, and addressing himself to the shopman, 'I come,' says he, 'for a quarter's salary.' 'You cannot have a quart of cellery,' replied the shopman, 'it is not our custom to serve it by the quart, sir.'—'I am sorry for it, indeed,' rejoins the organist, 'I have always been accustomed to receive it that way; and it will put me to much inconvenience to alter the plan; and it surely cannot be a great object to your master.'—The shopman not knowing how to proceed, informed his master, who accused him of having made some blunder, and came himself to right the business. 'Friend,' says the new made church-warden, 'what amount of cellery did you say you wanted?'—'Five pounds, sir.'—'There, John,' says the seedsman, 'I told you it would turn out one of your blunders—nothing can be more clear,—put up the gentleman five pounds of cellery.'

The shopman having finished the job, was very politely proceeding to place the parcel under the blind man's arm, who wondering at the circumstance, could not help crying 'what are you at now, friend?' 'Why only giving you the five pounds of cellery,' says the shopman. 'What the devil,' replies the organist, 'is it all half-pence?'

LANCASTER, May 2, 1804.

MARRIED, on the 13th ult. near Fredericktown, Maryland, by the Rev. Mr. Wagoner, Mr. Samuel Reynolds, of this borough, to Miss Elenor Reynolds, of that place.

DIED, in Hempfield township, on Wednesday last, Mrs. Catharine Kerkman, aged 31 years. She has left an afflicted husband and four small children to deplore her loss. —Her death was occasioned by the kick of a mare.

—, at Chambersburg, on the 8th ult. Mrs. Gilliard, wife of Mr. John Gilliard, formerly of this borough.

A thread was lately drawn in England, upon a bet, from a single pound of cotton, which extended *twenty-three miles*. The loser supposed it could not be drawn to reach *two miles*.

GIGANTIC OX.

Our town was visited this week (says a Fredericktown paper) by a huge ox, 19½ hands high, and upwards of 3000 weight!

A fleece of wool was taken from a sheep in Maryland, the last summer, which weighed, after being washed, *thirteen pounds and an half*.

EXTRAORDINARY INCREASE.

Mr. Samuel Allen, jun. of East Windsor, (says the Connecticut Courant) had an ewe sheep, which, on the 21st of June last, had three lambs, and on the 15th of March last, she had four more, which is *seven lambs in less than nine months*.

Three hundred and eighty-five buildings, of which two hundred and eighty-three were brick and one hundred and two framed, were erected in Philadelphia during the last year.

A person in Lower Saxony whose name is Retzemer, (says a late German paper) has discovered a method of extracting ardent spirits from different kinds of wood; the process is to reduce it while green and thriving, to fine chips, or (as the most preferable mode) to saw dust, it is thrown into vats, and mingled with water, where it is next put into a box-press, strongly pressed and filtered through straw, and afterwards distilled. The birch tree is said to make the most agreeable liquor, the walnut the most astringent, the cedar, pine, &c. the most aromatic, the myrtle the sweetest, and the Lombardy poplar the most insipid.

POETRY.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

Loud howl'd the tempest, and cold was the night,
Just twelve had the village bell toll'd,
No star was there seen to lend its faint light,
And dark was the heath to behold.
Yet a sufferer there was who despairingly lay,
Whom the storm threaten'd soon to destroy,
Stretch'd out at his length, on the cold and dank clay,
Lay a wretched, forlorn Beggar Boy.

A traveller was passing, and heard his faint moan,
The sound gave a check to his speed,
And pausing awhile, heard a still deeper groan,
And instantly rein'd in his steed.
He dismounted, and long did he look all around,
Unsuccessful was still his employ,
At length he discover'd, half dead on the ground,
The wretched, forlorn Beggar Boy.

As soon as the object distress'd met his eyes,
Of tears was the stranger beguil'd,
His bosom was heaving with sympathy's sigh,
In his arms as he rais'd the poor child.
Whose long worn-out garments were drench'd with
And long did the stranger employ [the rain!
Every means the apparent fled life to regain,
Of the wretched, forlorn Beggar Boy.

He rode on still faster, his castle to gain,
Though cheerless and dark was the night,
His charge on a rich satin sofa was lain,
And open'd his eyes to the light.
He look'd round the gay, splendid room, with surprise,
And the Baron's heart glowing with joy,
With pleasure saw gratitude's tears in the eyes
Of the wretched, forlorn Beggar Boy.

And delighted he view'd the reanimate glow,
On a face late so pale and so wan,
Though the Beggar Boy's tears continued to flow,
Yet his artless tale, thus he began:
"May God ever bless you, good sir, (cried the child)
May you ever each blessing enjoy,
I'm unus'd to this goodness—you look too so kind
On the wretched, forlorn Beggar Boy.

"Yet once I was lov'd and my parents not poor,
A competence then blest their days,
Against the distress'd never clos'd was their door,
And the poor ever spoke in their praise.
My much lov'd father, the noblest of men,
In me center'd every joy,
My mother ador'd me—nor was I then
A wretched, forlorn Beggar Boy.

"But too soon, alas! did war's dire alarms,
To battle my father invite,
And scarce a few months had he left our fond arms,
'Ere he met with his death in the fight.

As soon as the news met my poor mother's ears,
And bereft her of every joy,
Death clos'd the sad scene of her earthly career,
And left me a poor Beggar Boy.

"My stern uncle seiz'd on my houses and land,
And made me thus wretched and poor,
He denied me relief, and his merciless hand,
Has spurn'd me away from his door.
Two years have I wander'd, dejected and lost,
And hoping death soon would destroy,
A life that on misery's billows had toss'd,
The wretched, forlorn Beggar Boy."

"No more shall a Beggar's sigh heave in thy breast,
(Cried the good, noble Baron, in tears)
From thy stern uncle, thy lands will I wrest,
And here end forever thy cares."
Transported, the innocent sunk on his knees,
Clasp'd his hands in a tumult of joy,
"Look down my much lov'd parents and see
Your ALBERT's no more a forlorn Beggar Boy."

TO HIM I MOST ESTEEM.

YON little cot, so neat and white,
By woodbines half conceal'd from sight,
Where the old elm excludes the light,
Of Phoebus' noontide beam.

With wealth enough to keep us free,
From the cold grip of poverty,
Would more than palace be to me,
With him I most esteem.

Or was yon lofty mansion mine,
Where art and nature, both combine,
To make it elegantly fine,
What joy in the extreme.

(Possess'd of all that's rich or rare,
With boundless wealth, and free from care)
'Twould be the envied lot to share
With him I most esteem.

But whiten'd cot, nor woodbine bower,
Nor lofty dome, nor hall, nor tower;
Nor boundless wealth, possess the power,
To cheer life's languid dream.

Nor joy, nor peace, they could impart,
Unless I knew the blissful art,
To win, and ever hold the heart
Of him I most esteem.

EPIGRAM—on a Libertine.

HERE lies the vile dust of the sinfulness wretch,
That ever the devil delayed to fetch:
But the reader will grant, it was needless he should
When he saw him a coming as fast as he could.

EPIGRAM—on a Lawyer.

THE Lord works wonders now and then,
Here lies a Lawyer—AN HONEST MAN.

To the Human Countenance.

MYSTIC source of strange expression,
Fairest link of nature's chain,
Stamp'd with God's divine impression
O'er his mighty works to reign:—

Whence, O say, thy mighty treasure?
From that wide, unknown abyss,
Ever yield thou endless pleasure,
Speechless, gentlest, wildest bliss?
Is it in thy front aspiring,
Where the virgin lily blows,
While, with living purple firing,
Spreads the gentle blushing rose?

Or, with pensive lustre streaming,
Where yon sparkling glories rise,
Sweetly sad, like CYNTHIA beaming,
In thy love-inspiring eyes?

Is it in yon bed of roses,
Breathing thousand odours round;
Lucy's lip, where love reposes,
In ethereal fetters bound?

Or in yonder winding dimples,
Magic cells of fairy art,
Where the elsm, culling simples,
Brews his spell upon the heart?

"Cease, O cease thee, sightless creature,
(Thus I hear the stern reply)
'Tis not in *one* wizard feature
My enchanting sources lie:—

"Neither yet, where gently flowing,
Each and each congenial run,
Softly blending, fading, glowing,
Sweetly struggling into one:

"But in that mysterious union,
Secret source of strange controul,
In that sweet divine communion
Of the features and the soul.

"Ponder, then, O child of pleasure;
Haste to seize on *Virtue's* grace,
Would'st thou have the magic treasure
Of a love-inspiring face."

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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